

A N
E L E G Y
Upon the Honourable (the most Ingenious)
H E N R Y G O R G E,
Son and Heir to the right Honourable the Lord G O R G E;
Who dyed of a *Consumption*, after a former *Recovery*:

O Emptines of expectations Here,
When kindest to our thoughts, then most severe!
O guilty Hopes, condemn'd as soon as born,
Short beams of comfort from the blushing Morn!
Our ripest Joys, all Natures best recruit
But fair delusive Blossoms without fruit:
Till death (uncertain too) doth all invade,
Wrapt up in one black undistinguisht shade.

In vain our fancies measure Time or Place,
Or any Motions of our mortall Race;
Imperfect Circles, always wheeling round
Have no fix't Center, no unerring Bound.
In vain our thoughts postpone or antidate:
No fixedness in any thing but Fate.

Hope lately rode triumphant 'ore Despair,
Like the days Chariot through the cloudless Air;
Kind Health anatomiz'd by long decay
Had gain'd a *Marian* *Constitution* delay:
Death seems resolv'd (despairing of his End)
To quit the Field, and march away a friend.

Accomplisht now with *Latin*, *Greek*, and *French*,
Religion, Prudence, Wit with Innocence;
Our noble Youth (since reason well refin'd
By Conversation had prepar'd his Mind)
Must to the *Western Academy* go
And there his new life on the Arts bestow.
All judg'd *Oxford's* Philology and Air
Might both his Body and his Mind repair.
Indeed 't was time our new-made Man should trye
His nerves and locomotive Faculty.

1. Theatre. (1) At first that glorious Fabrick to his view
Presents Time's various Treasures old and new
Great *Seldens* wife munificence, to raise
A Scene of Fame, and Monument of praise.
2. Under-ground. (2) Below the busie prefs, which Prudence well
For spreading mischiefs has condemn'd to Hell.

3. Library. Next visit was the *Muses* great (3) *Divan*,
Remote from *Rome*, but nigh the *Varican*,
Where (4) (*Decimals* summ'd up) now kindly meet
Great *Lawd* and *Selden*, and old *Bodley* greet.
4. Selden against Tythes.

Though well advanc'd in health he did not need
Shrub, Root, or Hearb, or some more soverain weed;
He must the Physick Garden walk, to see
That Field of Art, and nature's Heraldry.

His curious Soul did afters Wonders pant,
Which made him view That of the Vitall-plant;
Saw it in coyneis or in rage retreat,
Impatient of defilement or defeat:
Nature design'd this Vegetive to be
A speciall Emblem of His Ingenie.

The Schooles, the Colledges, the Chappels There,
Gave him kind prospects of the heav'nly Sphear.
Nature Him Logick and the Physicks taught,
By Conversation to pure Ethicks brought:
If any Science could malignant be
'T was (5) That abhors * Materiality.
This by abstractive Engines might withdraw
His nobler part, and cancell nature's Law
But O unfortunate Relapse! He dyes
Before our former Joys had clear'd our eyes.
Now his brisk Soul (once circumscrib'd) is free
To the *Colledge* of a boundless Trinity.

* *Meta-physicks*

Of that Colledge.

But Friends with fruitless tears lament his death
Or hope to winnow back his precious breath;
Nor love nor wisdom can this Saint retrieve
As to Externals here but half alive:
Whose Body to so fine thread was spun,
His life had end, before his death begun.
O 't was an *Orient Jewell*, but alas
Lodg'd in too fine a Cabinet of glafs;
Wherein you might mirac'lously have seen
A Spirit move without corporeal screen.
Doubtless good Angels, when thy visits make
To Saints below, such refine *Bodys* take.

A Christian *Stoick* only rich within;
Had mortall weakness, but no mortall sin;
Was Man too soon, for Heav'n too early fit
Both mortall and immortal by his Wit.
A Youth in years, but full of age in merit,
Took Heav'n, and left us Worms the Earth t'inherit.
Heav'n's Heir can lack no Time, nor can there be
Pupils or Nonage in Eternity.

Farwel thou little *Man*, but *Giant* Saint,
Now worthy of our triumph not complaint:
We'll weep no more, but save our useles tears
To mourn our selves hung betwixt hopes and fears.

Blest *Saint*, in kindness pittie Us, That wee
(Heav'n knows how long) must want both Heav'n & Thee.

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By J. C.